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Tales and Miscellanies.

From Leigh's "Journey in Egypt, and the Country beyond the Cataracts."

UPPER EGYPT.

SEARCH FOR THE MUMMIES OF CROCODILES, IN THE CAVERNS
AT MANFALOUT.

Having stopped to see the temples at Esne, (Latopolis,) and Hermontis, we landed, for the second time, amidst the wonderful monuments of Thebes. From the Memnonium, we crossed the mountains to visit Biban-el-Moluk, or the Gates of the Kings. These extraordinary excavations consist of several chambers, the walls of which are painted, and the colors of the figures still remain as vivid as at the period of their first execution. Most of the passages that have been opened, penetrate far into the mountain, generally contain a granite sarcophagus, but there are many which still remain untouched; and as the specimens of papyri, that have hitherto been procured, come from this spot, it is improbable that the discovery of many objects of considerable importance would be the result of further excavation.

From the Gates of the Kings, we returned by the valley through which the road formerly led from Thebes to the tombs, and where still stands the Temple of Karnac.

The whole of this mountain has been excavated; at each step, an opening presents itself; and there is every appearance that here has been the general cemetery of Thebes.—Many of these caverns are now converted into habitations by the present cultivators of the plain, from whence they have been driven by the encroachments of the Nile, whose waters, during the inundation, (in consequence of there being no canals to carry them off,) cover the whole of the flat country around.

Our curiosity induced us, during our stay here, to descend into one of the mummy pits that abound in this neighborhood, but it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the disgusting scene of horror we had to encounter. The entrance was through a very narrow hole, nearly filled up with rubbish, by which we made our way into a small room about fifteen feet long and six wide: beyond, we reached a chamber somewhat larger, and containing two rows of columns. The walls were covered with paintings, and at the farther end, stood two full length statues, male and female, dressed in very gay apparel, and having on the one side the figures of two boys, and on the other those of two girls.

The whole of this chamber was strewed with pieces of cloth, legs, arms, and heads of mummies, left in this condition by the Arabs who visit these places for the purpose of rifling the bodies and carrying off the bituminous substances with which they have been embalmed. From the chamber above described, two passages lead into the interior and lower part of the mountain, and we penetrated about the distance of a hundred yards into that which appeared the longest. Slipping and crawling amongst the various fragments of these mutilated bodies, we were only able to save ourselves from falling, by catching hold of the leg, arm, or skull of a mummy, some of which were lying on the ground, but many still standing in the niches where they had been originally placed.

We arrived at Siout on the 20th March. Here, we received the unwelcome intelligence that the Plague, which continued without abatement in Asia Minor, had made its appearance in Alexandria and along the sea coast. This was a death blow to all our plans, as it prevented our passing through Syria to Constantinople, or of embarking at Alexandria for Malta.

As it was almost impossible to get any precise information of the state of the Plague from the reports of the Arabs, who, besides being predestinarians, are not very celebrated for their veracity, we dispatched a courier to Cairo to get intelligence from our friends there, and resolved to wait his return in Upper Egypt, appointing him to meet us at Miniet.

Before our arrival at the latter place, we halted at Manfalout, to examine some mummy pits, of which we had heard an extraordinary account from a Greek we had met at Thebes. He informed us, he had been sent by Suliman the Cacheff of Manfalout, with a detachment of Arnout soldiers, against the inhabitants of the village of Amabdi. The Arabs of this village, which is situated on the East bank of the Nile, at the distance of about two leagues from the river, on the edge of the Desert, are employed chiefly in the breaking of horses, and are notorious for their predatory disposition.—On the approach of the soldiers of the Cacheff, the greater part of the inhabitants of Amabdi fled into the Desert; some few however, were observed to disappear under ground, and conceal themselves in a pit, distant about an hour from the village. Demetrius, the Greek emissary of Suliman, with a part of the Arnout detachment, pursued them, and descend-

ed the pit in which they had taken refuge. At the bottom, they observed fragments of the mummies of crocodiles, scattered about; but the fugitives were nowhere to be seen.—From what he observed, there was no doubt, the pit communicated with lateral galleries of unknown extent, where were probably deposited the crocodile mummies, the fragments of which the Greek had seen at the mouth of the excavation.—The soldiers of the Cacheff returned without venturing to explore further the hiding-place of the Arab fugitives; but the story of Demetrius raised in us a curiosity to prosecute his discovery, and ascertain its extent and accuracy. The pits we had examined at Thebes were full of human mummies, but in no place had we yet seen any marks of those of crocodiles.* With this intention, we continued our voyage down the Nile, and halted at Manfalout situated on the left bank of the river, for the purpose of making preparation for a journey to Amabdi. Our party consisted of my friend Mr Smelt, and an American of the name of Barthow, who had traded many years up the Red Sea, spoke Arabic extremely well, and whom we had engaged as a dragoman at Cairo, when we first began our travels in Upper Egypt. We took with us, besides, an Abyssinian merchant, of the name of Fadallah, and three of our boat's crew who were Barabas, whom we had brought with us from the Cataracts. Having provided ourselves with axes and torches, we crossed the ferry of Manfalout, at five on the morning of the 30th March. We wandered about till nine o'clock in search of the village of Amabdi, near which we at length found four Arabs employed in cutting wood. They appeared at first unwilling to give us any information about the object of our search, and we observed them consulting together, and overheard them muttering something about danger, and thought we heard the expression, "If one must die,—all must die." This excited our suspicions, but did not deter us from proceeding, as we relied on our number and strength to resist any act of treachery.

We were bent on going, and the Arabs at last undertook to be our guides for a reward of twenty-five piastres. After an hour's march in the Desert, we arrived at the spot, which we found to be a pit or circular hole of ten feet in diameter, and about eighteen feet deep. We descended without difficulty, and the Arabs began to strip, and proposed to us to do the same: we partly followed their example, but kept on our trowsers and shirts. I had by me a brace of pocket pistols, which I concealed in my trowsers, to be prepared against any treacherous attempt of our guides. It was now decided that three of the four Arabs should go with us, while the other remained on the outside of the cavern. The Abyssinian merchant declined going any farther. The sailors remained also on the outside to take care of our clothes. We formed therefore, a party of six; each was to be preceded by a guide—our torches were lighted—one of the Arabs led the way, and I followed him.

We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand of the desert and found ourselves in a large chamber about fifteen feet high.

This was probably the place into which the Greek, Demetrius, had penetrated, and here we observed what he had described, the fragments of the mummies of crocodiles. We saw also great numbers of bats flying about, and hanging from the roof of the chamber. Whilst holding up my torch to examine the vault, I accidentally scorched one of them.—I mention this trivial circumstance, because afterwards it gave occasion to a most ridiculous, though to us very important discussion. So far, the story of the Greek was true, and it remained only to explore the galleries where the Arabs had formerly taken refuge, and where, without doubt, were deposited the mummies we were searching for. We had all of us torches, and our guides insisted upon our placing ourselves in such a way, that an Arab was before each of us. Though there appeared something mysterious in this order of march, we did not dispute with them; but proceed-

*Herodotus relates that the Egyptians, particularly those who dwelt in the neighborhood of Thebes and the Lake Moeris, held these animals in great veneration; that they fed them with the flesh of victims, adorning their bodies while living with various fanciful ornaments, and when they were dead, embalming and depositing them in sacred chests.

In another part of the same book, (Euterpe,) after having given a description of the interior of the Labyrinth, which had been built near the Lake Moeris, and the city of Crocodilopolis, and praising the magnificence of the apartments into which he was admitted, the historian observes that they did not permit him to visit the subterranean chambers, because they were strictly guarded, and kept as the places of interment of the sacred Crocodiles, and the sepulchres of the Kings under whose care the edifice had been constructed.

ed. We now entered a low gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and following its windings, till at last it opened into a large chamber, which, after some time, we recognized as the one we had first entered, and from which we had set out.—Our conductors, however, denied that it was the same; but on our persisting in the assertion, agreed at last that it was, and confessed they had missed their way the first time, but if we would make another attempt, they would undertake to conduct us to the mummies. Our curiosity was still unsatisfied; we had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in these narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached, guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that which we had left, but, like it, containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless, but the mummies might not be far distant: another effort, and we might still be successful.

The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far, before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the heart.

We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment, the torch of the first Arab went out: I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side; he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the body—but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

There was no time to be lost—the American Barthow cried to us to "take courage," and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, excepting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come, increased the difficulty of our escape; we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered; supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace.—We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American.—Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us "for God's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him time to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun about one hundred and sixty degrees. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak** full of water, which they sprinkled upon us: though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and sling them round our bodies, drew us to the top.

*The name of the jar, made at Kenne, of porous earth, and used to cool water.

Our appearance alone without our guides, naturally astonished the Arab who had remained at the entrance of the cavern; and he anxiously inquired for his *Amabdi*, or friends. To have confessed they were dead, would have excited suspicion: he would have supposed we had murdered them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabdi, to pursue us and revenge the death of their friends. We replied, therefore, they were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay.

We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the Desert, and passed hastily by the village to regain the ferry of Manfalout. Our cangia was moored close to the town, and we got on board by five o'clock. We had been expected for some time, and as it happened to be the birthday of my friend Mr Smeit, we had intended to have regaled ourselves that day with a more sumptuous meal than ordinary. But we had no appetite to eat, it was of more consequence to consult what was to be done in our present circumstances. That the Arabs of Amabdi would pursue us, to revenge the supposed murder of their friends, there was no doubt; and as it would be next to impossible to persuade them we had no hand in their death, we all agreed our only safety was in flight. It was resolved we should wait till midnight, and then sail down the Nile for Miniet, the first Turkish garrisoned town we could reach. Owing to the laziness or stupidity of our Reis, it was however five in the morning before we weighed anchor. This, at the time, gave us great uneasiness, but was in fact a most fortunate circumstance; for, as will appear afterwards, had we sailed earlier we should certainly have fallen into the hands of our enemies. The wind was contrary, blowing strongly from the North, and we had only made two leagues by seven o'clock.

We now saw four Turks on horseback galloping towards us, followed by two Arabs on foot, and as we made but little way down the river, they were soon near enough to fire a pistol and order us to bring to. We stopped our boat, and they called to us from the shore, saying they were sent by the Cacheff to bring us to Manfalout to answer for the murder of our Arab guides. The two Arabs on foot were violent in their threats, and continued vociferating they would have blood for blood, and that they were resolved on our deaths, though it might cost the lives of twenty more of their countrymen. We entered into a parley with the Turks, and demanded of them if they would answer for our safety on our way to Manfalout; and stipulated also that we should be allowed to carry with us our arms. They promised us, we should not be molested on our road to the town, and after some demur, permitted us to take our swords, pistols, and double-barrelled guns. On these conditions, we went on shore, and walked on foot under the escort of the Turks to Manfalout. When we arrived at the house of the Cacheff, we found him smoking in an outer court, attended by a few Arnout guards, and surrounded by about forty of the inhabitants of Amabdi.

The Arabs received us with a shout of revengeful delight.

The Cacheff treated us in a stern and haughty manner, and informed us of what we were accused by the people about him. Through our dragoman, we related our story, and produced the firman we had received of Mahmood Ali, Pacha of Cairo. Our passport ran in the usual form, enjoining all the Governors of the different towns through which we should pass, to afford us every protection and assistance. A secretary was ordered to read the firman aloud, which, when he had done, the Cacheff reaching out his hand took hold of it, and looking sternly at us, observed sarcastically, "I do not see that this firman allows you either to maltreat or kill the Arabs."

He then poured out a torrent of abuse upon us in Arabic, to the great satisfaction of our accusers, and retired into an inner court, leaving us, as we conceived, to their mercy.—The Arabs were most of them armed with swords and spears, and began now to surround us with menacing gestures.—Shortly, however, we were sent for by the Turk, and conducted by some of his soldiers into his presence.

The Arabs expressed great satisfaction at this, and appeared to think our fate was decided. The Cacheff received us on this occasion, in a much more friendly manner than at first: he was unobserved by the Arabs, and laid aside the angry tone which we now perceived, he had formerly only affected. "My good friends," said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of our dragoman, "I know I am, by virtue of your firman, bound to protect you, and my head must answer for our safety. I believe your story, but a have a guard only of fifty soldiers, and the village of Amabdi is seven hundred muskets strong. Should all the inhabitants take a part in this affair, and come over, the consequences will be fatal both to you and myself; you must make your escape secretly, and in the mean time, I will amuse and detain the Arabs."

We saw the force of this advice, thanked the Cacheff for his friendly conduct, and lost no time in making our retreat through a gate at the back of his house. When we had quitted our boat to accompany the Turks to Manfalout, we had given orders that it should follow us, and now found it waiting close to the town.

We again set sail, but as the wind continued to blow strongly from the North, with little prospect of eluding the pursuit of our enemies.

The Nile here is about two musket shots broad, and we

were continually obliged to tack. Though we rowed with all our might, we made but little way, and had scarcely lost sight of the town before we observed a party of horsemen at a considerable distance in the Desert, on the right bank of the Nile, whom we took for Bedouin Arabs. Soon after, we perceived a number of heads peeping over the sand hillocks on the same side. We were, at this moment, nearly in the middle of the river; and consequently, a little without musket shot. Suddenly, several Arabs jumped up and shouted to us to come over, or they would fire upon us.

We rowed our boat as quickly as possible to the other bank, and consulted amongst ourselves what measures to take. Our danger was imminent, we were surrounded on all sides by enemies, our friend the Cacheff at Manfalout was unable to protect us, and the distance to Miniet was seventy miles. If the wind had been favorable, by fast sailing and keeping close to the left bank of the river, we might have escaped our pursuers; but, in the present circumstances, it would have been madness to continue our course.

At length, it was resolved we should return to Manfalout; again claim the assistance of the Cacheff, or endeavor to convince the Arabs of our innocence. We quickly reached the town, and had no sooner stepped on shore, than we were assailed by three women and five or six children—they were all naked and smeared with mud. We were informed that they were the wives and children of the men who had perished, and the state in which they exhibited themselves, was according to the custom of mourning amongst them. As we were armed, we reached without much obstruction the house of the Cacheff, whom we now found surrounded by more than four hundred Arabs, amongst them the Shekh of the village of Amabdi. Making our way through the crowd, we luckily recognized the person of the Arab whom we had left, and supposed to have died with his companions in the cavern. His appearance was most wretched, he was unable to stand, and was supported by two of his friends. We afterwards found he had escaped by the light of Mr Smeit's torch, when he was obliged to remain for a short time to recover his strength at the edge of the trench. Our dragoman related our story again, and called upon the survivor to confirm the truth of it, but in vain; on the contrary, he maintained we had taken him and his companions by force, and compelled them to conduct us to the place. In this falsehood, he was supported by the Arab who had remained on the outside of the cavern, and whom we now saw for the first time among the crowd. In our defence we replied, it was not possible we could have used any means of compulsion, as we were unarmed. This we boldly asserted, as the brace of pistols I had with me was never produced. Besides, we recalled to his memory, that on our way thither, one of the guides who had died, had replenished our *bardak* with water from a well near Amabdi.—This proved that we had gone amicably together.

The Cacheff, who continued to treat us haughtily in public, commanded the Arab to explain the means by which the infidels (who he confessed were without arms) had killed his companions. He replied, *by magic*, for he had seen me burning something on our first entrance into the great chamber. This was the bat I had accidentally scorched. Our cause now began to wear a better complexion: part of the crowd, who treated the idea of magic with contempt, believed us innocent, and the rest probably dreaded the imaginary powers with which we had been invested. Emboldened by this change of sentiment in our favor, our dragoman assumed a lofty tone, and peremptorily insisted on our being sent, together with our two accusers and the Shekh of Amabdi, to Siout, to Ibrahim Bey, the son of the Pacha of Cairo, and the Governor of Upper Egypt. The reputation of this man for cruelty was so great, that his very name excited terror in the assembly. It was now our turn to threaten; and we talked of the alliance of our King with the Pacha of Cairo, and the consequence of ill-treating any one protected by his firman. This had its effect, and the Cacheff having consulted for some time with the Shekh, suggested an accommodation by money. This proposal, we, at first, affected to reject with disdain, as it would in some manner be an acknowledgment of our guilt, though we were secretly anxious to terminate the affair at any rate. Our dragoman was sent to negotiate with the Cacheff, and it was finally agreed we should pay twelve piastres, or two Spanish dollars, to each of the women, and the same sum we offered as a present to the Shekh of the village. All animosity seemed now to have ceased; and we were permitted quietly to return to our vessel, and continue our voyage.

TUTH.—What is that man good for, who cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations? One would break that dial into atoms, whose false lines only serve to mislead—whose every stealing minute attempts to shame the sun.—Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and declarations that men seriously and solemnly offer?—When any one of these fail, a ligament of the world is broken, and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tilting of her wandering enemies; 'tis the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a deity; I must, for the present, omit a more detailed account of the

for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives.

Remorse seldom advances a man to fame; and the tears which are received as an earnest of our repentance by Heaven, do not wash away our shame from the recollection of man.

Good fortune, when we possess her, requires as much management to preserve her, as health does; and when she frowns, let us be patient, for she may again smile.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

NOTES, BY A TRAVELLER.

NUMBER THREE.

PARIS.

1826, May 17th.—This morning at six, we visited the patients of La Charite Hospital, in company with the medical class. This institution is very extensive. Its wards are arranged in the form of a cross; in the centre of which a Catholic altar with its tall candles and officiating priest may be seen from all parts of the house. The patients are attended by women called the "Holy Sisters," who, in obedience to the call of an absurd and fanatical sense of duty, leave the comforts and retirement of private life; and often, the splendors of wealth and rank, and descend to the disgusting and demoralizing wards of an hospital. Such is the powerful effect of the incantations of a sensual priesthood; who vicious and stupid themselves, encourage and direct the young and fair of the other sex to atone for imaginary offences, by this sacrifice, which is worse than that of life.

May 18th.—Our walk of three or four miles, to the very extensive Hospital of St. Louis, led us through some interesting parts of the city which I had not before seen. We passed the ruins of the Bastille, near which, in a wooden building, is the huge model of an elephant, which Napoleon intended to have had wrought in marble, for erection on the spot. The model which is of wood, bears about the same proportion to the size of an elephant, that that animal does to an ordinary cow. The Place de Greve is the usual spot for the execution of criminals. Here stands the Guillotine; but whether it is the identical ancient machine on which the martyrs of the Revolution took leave of the blindness and fury of party, I am unable to learn.

During two days in the week, the Flower Market of Paris is a curiosity. It is an open square, tastefully arrayed with an immense variety of rich and beautiful plants, which render it an extremely agreeable walk.

The Hospital St. Louis is principally devoted to diseases of the skin. The French style of clinical lectures is novel. The Professor, at the head of his class, walks into the midst of a ward, and calls around him a dozen or more patients, upon whose diseases he proceeds most learnedly to descant; and his account of the history, progress, and termination of the disease, is listened to by the patient, the pupils, and the surrounding inmates of the ward. On our return, we visited the Cabinet of Anatomy of the School of Medicine, where I was surprised and somewhat disgusted at observing a number of women gazing at the various monstrosities which were there exposed.

May 19th.—To-day, we visited the Garden of Plants, so celebrated for its attractions of nature and art, and of which the Parisians speak with pride, as the very first among their numerous and magnificent institutions. The number of its interesting objects, the wild and singular manner in which animals from all parts of the world, and exotic plants of every climate are brought together, is striking beyond description. Bird, beast, and flower, the discoveries of every traveller, the treasures of successive generations, are united in one great whole; of which no one who has not witnessed the scene, can form any adequate conception. The Menagerie is very extensive, and most of the animals are kept in small paterae in the open air, surrounded by trees and fountains, and at liberty to gaze in natural astonishment at each other. Here, side by side, are the buffalo and the bison, the elephant, the camel and the ostrich; the deer, the goat of Cashmere and the jaguar of South America; the lordly lion and his attendant dog, the moose, the wolf and the eagle; the chamois on his heap of rocks, and the bear climbing his pole.

Garden. It contains a vast cabinet of Natural History, with a fine library. The entrance is adorned by the skeleton of a whale; and in the centre of the Garden, is a high and steep eminence, called, from the winding and intricate paths which lead to its summit, "the labyrinth." It affords a fine view of Paris; and of the surrounding country, clothed in all that green and cultivated beauty which is presented by a French landscape, of which we, in our land of rocks and wild woods, can form but a slight idea. Near the top of this mount, stands a tree, famous in scripture metaphor,—the cedar of Lebanon. It is very large; and although its upper branches have been unfortunately shattered by a cannon ball, it is easy to recognize the tall and stately tree by which the Jews were fond of illustrating all that is graceful and noble. The Garden is rich in every variety of exotics: in fact, words are weak and useless when employed in an attempt to describe this noble monument of French industry, science and taste. Were an American suddenly brought to this place, in order to give him an idea of Paris, he might readily consent to leave forever his own land of liberty and law, as offering no competition with such scenes; and would recur to his frowning woods and brick cities, with disgust. Longer experience however would assure him, that splendor is not incompatible with wretchedness; that gardens and fountains, galleries and fêtes, with all their fascinations and attractions, cannot compensate for the want of private independence, comfort and morality.

May 20th.—I have, this evening, taken a solitary stroll across the river, into the more gay and fashionable parts of the city. Paris is in its glory only after the sun has set, and business is over. Then, all classes devote themselves to amusement; and all is gaiety and illumination. Then, as a stranger walks across one of the sixteen bridges, and looks up the line of the river, with its tall palaces winding along its sides,—and passes among its boulevards, its cafés, and theatres, and gardens,—its streets crowded with glittering equipages,—its varied and restless scenes of show and brilliancy; he willingly confesses, that there is an enchantment in reality, which the imagination cannot rival. The garden and palace of the Tuilleries appeared to be the scene of some unusual display. The stately square was thronged with the coaches of the nobility—the gates guarded by mounted soldiers, in their glittering armor of burnished steel; while a flood of light was thrown far and wide over the area, from the windows of the palace.

At about nine o'clock, the gardens of the Tuilleries are cleared of their visitors, by the gens d'armes; the crowd slowly retiring by the different gates, followed by the sentinels, in order that none may remain. The military order which here every where prevails, immediately draws the attention of a stranger. Riots and disturbances in the streets are very rare; for the gens d'armes are stationed at every corner, ready to take cognizance of any offence: this affords a degree of quiet and security unknown under less despotic governments. The slightest riot in a garden or theatre, is a subject for an immediate military arrest. Even those who are assembled before a theatre, waiting for the opening of the doors, frequently arrange themselves three abreast, to the number of a thousand; and are thus admitted with the greatest order and decorum.

But France does not improve on acquaintance. The palaces, the squares, the public display in its cities, its lively and apparently happy people make, at first, a pleasing impression; but soon, like the glare and bustle of a feast whose cheerfulness has gone, all these become irksome and oppressive. This people, long famed for a mixed character of frivolity and greatness; for a want of true feeling and an excess of politeness, still retain many of their old characteristics. They are active and cheerful, but cold and selfish;—polite in manners, but calculating and mercenary in conduct. Many of those moral distinctions which philosophers write of, are here but little heeded. I have never yet seen a people so ignorant of any restraints on vice, save law; or motives to great actions, save public aggrandizement and applause. Vanity, which is more or less deeply implanted in every human bosom, appears in that of a Frenchman, to be the almost constant instigator of his conduct. Talk to him, of living for posterity—of handing down his name through a long succession of admiring ages,—and he is ele-

vated by the idea; but if this immortality is to be gained by personal obscurity and insignificance; if, like Milton's, the labor of his life is to have no present admirers, he is disheartened, and shrinks from the toil. He wishes, like Napoleon, to place empires under his feet; to live in the light of victory;—but defeat and disaster, the field of true greatness, the occasions on which the spirit rises on eagle pinions above the scenes of its affliction, chill his ambition and paralyze his exertions.

J. F. A.

Translated from the French, for the Literary Journal, in the Gentleman's First Class of Mons. Bigard's French School.

SAINT PETER THE FISHERMAN.

A NARRATIVE FROM THE CAMPAIGN OF MARSHAL COUNT LOBAU.

I passed the memorable year of 1813, at Dresden. Heaven decreed that I should witness the calamities which fell upon that unfortunate city, from the arrival of Marshal Davout, with twelve thousand men, until the capitulation of Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr.

Dresden was my native city: I had lost my parents, at an early age; and in the year 1813, I had already travelled, and had practised surgery for two years at Saint Petersburg.—At the expiration of that time, not having been able either to accustom myself beneath the sky of Russia, or to accustom myself to the character and habits of its population, I left that country in the month of September, 1812; and resolved to establish myself, for the rest of my life, in the capital of Saxony, the most agreeable without exception of all the German cities; and the one which recalled my early affections and the remembrance of my childhood: celebrated for its mild climate, its picturesque environs, its majestic river, and elegant bridge of six arches, its gardens and splendid palaces, its rich library, and above all, its galleries of paintings and statues, the only remarkable collection in Europe which had been respected by Napoleon, and which bestowed on Dresden the merited appellation of the 'Florence of the North.'

In the last month of the winter of 1813, I foresaw that my native city would become the centre from whence the French Emperor would carry on his military operations, during his last struggle for the preservation of the sovereignty of Europe: and the event proved that my worst forebodings were but too true. The long and glorious resistance of the French army, proved that Napoleon knew well how to select his positions. By means of the fortresses of Torgau, Wittemberg and Magdeburg, he commanded the course of the Elbe; and he could, at his will, advance or fall back, from one side of the river to the other. The Saxon metropolis, a populous city, well provisioned by the fertile country around it, offered abundant resources to his soldiery, and hospitals for his wounded; while the strongly fortified positions of Pirna, Lilecstein, Konigstein and Stolpein, formed a vast entrenched camp for his numerous forces; from which he could send detachments against Prague, Berlin, and Breslau.

But I return to that part of this narrative which relates to myself. The immediate consequence of the terrible battle fought near Bautzen, in the month of May, was the arrival at Dresden of twenty thousand wounded men; on which occasion my assistance as a surgeon was required by the French authorities. All the men who were slightly wounded, or affected with light diseases, and those recovering, were quartered among the citizens; the city thus became an immense infirmary, and the sick were as well provided for, as the daily decreasing means of the inhabitants would permit: the regular hospitals were encumbered with so great a number of wounded, and the difficulty of ministering to the necessities of all of them was such, that I dare not describe the shocking spectacle they offered during the siege.

Generally, physicians very frequently complain of the ingratitude of their patients; but I have found that this is not just in respect to soldiers. It appears astonishing that they should be grateful to him who preserves their lives, which they expose the very next day after their recovery, with the same carelessness as before. An old sub-officer, who with some others, Count Lobau treated more as friends than inferiors, having been restored to health after a month of suffering, attributed his recovery to me, alone; when in fact it was more the effect of nature and his own patience. If you would believe him, I was the god Æsculapius himself. If one of my patients died, he said it was only because he absolute-

ly wished to die; at length he became accustomed to call me his father; which appeared very ludicrous to his comrades—for he was old enough to have been mine. Eventually, I was thus designated among the bravest of his regiment: no one, when conversing of me, spoke of Doctor Wolma; but always of the "papa of Larive," or the "papa" alone.

Since my return from Saint Petersburg, I had lived in furnished lodgings. The house where I slept when I was not on duty at the hospital, commanded, from the upper story, a view of the bridge of Dresden, and the vine-covered hills beyond the Elbe. It was one of those antique, gable-roofed buildings so common in Germany; and the attic contained many apartments; one of which was occupied by an indigent old man, who gained a livelihood by fishing in the river. He had a daughter about eighteen years of age, named Meta, whose countenance and manners indicated a state of idiocy; but whom our host, from compassion, employed in the service of his lodgers. The father and daughter had been in Dresden only a few months. No one knew their history—it was supposed, and generally said, that their family had formerly held a higher station in the world; but that some sudden and terrible misfortune had disturbed the reason of the young girl, only leaving her sufficient intelligence to acquit herself of the easy employment which she exercised in the house.

There hung around the poor Meta, a mystery which all my medical sagacity and my knowledge of human physiognomy could not penetrate. I sometimes addressed a few words to her when she brought me my breakfast; and for some time, her puerile answers, and the insignificant smile which played upon her lips, convinced me, prejudiced as I was, that she was indeed an idiot. She was dressed in the coarse and inelegant costume of the Saxon peasantry; but nevertheless, I soon perceived that her features, form, and manners, were not those of a peasant; she was uncommonly tall, and her form was slender and elegant; insomuch that its beautiful outlines might be discerned, notwithstanding her rude garb. Her voice was sweet and clear; and her countenance agreeable and interesting, when she did not distort its expression by her senseless smile. It was evident from her accent, and the words of different dialects which she mingled in her answer, that Meta was not a native of Germany: in fine, a careful observer could not forbear coming to the conclusion, that she had possessed, and possessed even then, a delicacy which did not belong to her situation.

There were fewer indications or vestiges of superior rank, in the old man, of whom Meta called herself the daughter.—A long, thick coat of coarse cloth, in conformity to his occupation as a fisherman, covered his tall and robust form; at the same time, his face was almost entirely concealed by his white hair, and by his thick beard, which time had bleached to the same color. He was dumb—at least the only sound that proceeded from his mouth, resembled the hoarse growl of a wild beast. He was known at Dresden by the name of Old Peter, the dumb fisherman. The French soldiers, who with their accustomed gaiety had given me the surname of "Papa," granted him the honors of canonization; for, whenever they met him, he was jocosely saluted by them as "Saint Peter the Fisherman."

The old man eventually became one of my patients; but I cannot reckon him in the number of those whose gratitude I received. He scarcely deigned to make me a gesture of thanks, in want of words, when he was again enabled to cast his line into the Elbe. But it was on this account, perhaps, that his daughter thought to repay me in discharging this paternal debt; for from that time, she was more attentive to me than to any of the other lodgers. By degrees her smile ceased to be insignificant: when I spoke to her, she cast down her eyes, or regarded me with a thoughtful look; while a livelier bloom suffused her delicate countenance. I was not the only one who perceived this change in my favor; and one day, Sergeant Larive, who came to visit me whenever he was at liberty, ventured to say to me, "Yet another miracle! My papa, I perceive, can give souls to young girls, as well as life to old soldiers!"

At length I began to think, that I should be more fortunate in my inquiries concerning the causes which had thrown Meta and her father into their unfortunate situation. But in vain my curiosity took, by degrees, the tone and accent of a tender interest; in vain I interrogated her respecting her

family and the place of her birth: instead of answering my questions, she burst into tears; and hiding her face with her hands, left the apartment. Insensibly the graces of this unknown girl, who was an idiot to every one but myself, inspired me with a romantic sentiment, whose mysterious charm was a consoling thought, in the sad and laborious office that I continued to fill in the hospital, during the terrible summer and still more terrible autumn of 1813. The events of the memorable siege of Dresden, are too recent and too well known, to need any account of them here; and I pass immediately to the commencement of my narrative.

About the first of November, the Allies had invested with their formidable forces, the avenues leading to the city. The French troops to the number of thirty thousand men, under the command of Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr and Count Lobau, were shut up within the fortifications of Dresden; which, after the besiegers had cut off all communication with the country, was exposed to severe privations, being almost destitute of provisions; without fuel, and without medicines.

About ten o'clock on the evening of the third of November, I left one of the coffee-houses, in order to return to my lodgings. Passing before the palace of Count Bruld, which was then occupied by the commander in chief, my attention was arrested by the unaccustomed number of lights in the saloon, and a noise in the hall: I perceived near the sentry-box, my brave sub-officer, who came forward and whispered in my ear—

"My papa, it is possible that I may again have need of you, to-morrow."

"What is going on?" said I to him.

"Marshal Count Lobau and some of the other great epaulets have just been holding a grand council of war; and every thing announces, that we are going to take a little airing to-night. I long for it, I can assure you: for your beautiful city begins to smell a little musty to an old soldier like me."

"And you think, my old comrade, that the enemy are likely to interfere with your walk; and that fortunate as you have hitherto been, there may yet be a ball for you, among the Russian cartridges?"

"I depend upon it: but are you not here to make me a new arm or a new leg, if necessary? I wish to retain the number of my bed in your room, whence no one ever comes out maimed or a cripple. But, good-night; we have talked long enough; here comes the officer of the rounds;" and shaking me by the hand, he entered the guard-house.

I had proceeded but a few paces, when I met one of my fellow-surgeons, who told me, in a more positive manner, that a sortie by twelve thousand men, would probably be made at about an hour after midnight.

When I reached my lodgings, my mind was uneasy, and occupied with the coming event. It was like a presentiment of some personal evil. Ought I to attribute it to the interest with which my friend the sergeant inspired me, and the new danger he was going to encounter? Was it not because Meta was not there, as usual, to hand me my candle and bid me good night? And where was she? What false shame prevented me from calling her? I felt then for Meta a more serious passion than I had been willing to own, even to myself. It appeared to me, that in order to shake off these confused thoughts, it was necessary that I should feel the agitation of the approaching combat. I resolved therefore to go, and post myself at a convenient distance from the fortifications; in order to hear the tumult of that bloody night. "And besides," said I to myself, "when I come back, Meta will have returned."

I had already taken up my hat and cloak, when as midnight drew near, I heard a dull sound breaking the profound stillness of the deserted streets. It was the passage of many pieces of artillery, having their wheels carefully bound with shaw, rolling heavily on towards the bridge. I left the hotel; and taking a short course, I gained the centre of the bridge, where an arch had been blown up, the Spring before, by Davout; and which had been replaced by strong oaken planks flanked by tall palisades. Drawing my cloak closely around my body, I concealed myself in one of the angles of the parapet; where I awaited the passage of the artillery—believing that I should remain unperceived, on account of the darkness.

Suddenly I heard the shock of some heavy body against

the palisades; and distinguished the sound of voices, which proceeded from beneath the bridge. The intense darkness of a stormy November night, and the whistling of a violent north-west wind, prevented me from ascertaining the cause of these strange sounds. But after the artillery had passed, which did not occupy much time, I looked and listened, with redoubled attention, on the side of the palisades. What was my surprise, I may even say my alarm, at seeing one of the planks slowly rising! At that moment, the wind having dispersed the clouds, and the new moon shining upon the bridge, I saw rising, as if from a trap-door, the tall form of Peter the Fisherman, the father of the poor Meta.

As soon as he had ascended, some one below handed him a wooden perch, or fishing rod, which old Peter laid upon the parapet, after having carefully replaced the plank; and then put himself in the attitude of a fisherman, and cast his line into the water.

At that moment, I distinguished the measured and heavy tread of a body of troops at the extremity of the bridge, on the side of the city; and could perceive the bright arms of the French advanced guard glistening in the moonlight. Still wrapped in my cloak, and concealed by the deep shadow in the angle of the parapet, I beheld in silence the first battalion file. My heart beat, in spite of me. When the first rank reached the planks above the broken arch, the old man began to sing, in his confused language; holding in one hand his rod, and in the other his hat; as if to ask alms.

"Ah! there is Saint Peter, who is trying to fish," exclaimed a grenadier.

"At a time like this," said another, who was little aware of the truth which was contained in his jest, "Saint Peter must be fishing in troubled water."

"Oh!" rejoined a third, who was shrewd and charitable, a common thing among the French soldiery, "he does not wish to lose time. Here," added he, throwing a piece of money into the old man's hat, "there is a hook at which two-legged fishes are sure to bite."

This liberality had its imitators: each rank as it passed, threw its bon-mot, and its donation, to the old fisherman;—who each time thanked them with a low growl, more resembling the snarl of a wolf than the voice of a man.

At length a general officer, well mounted, and whom I immediately recognized as Count Lobau, passed so near the old man that I thought he would have been trampled under the feet of the fierce charger. The General stopped, and placing his hat further on his head, turned to his aid-de-camp, and in a harsh and severe tone of voice exclaimed, "Who is this man, and what is he doing here?"

"My General," replied the aid-de-camp, "he is an old fellow, whom I have often seen making grimaces which meant nothing good. He is receiving the alms of the soldiers;—shall I order him to be thrown into the river?"

I began to tremble for the old fisherman; but he remained unmoved; when my friend the sergeant, advancing from the ranks and presenting arms, addressed Count Lobau, and said, "Pardon me, my General, it is only a poor maniac, a dumb man, well known in Dresden; they call him Saint Peter the Fisherman."

Brave sergeant, said I to myself; he is thinking of me, while interceding thus for the father of Meta. Count Lobau and his aid-de-camp passed on; the rest of the battalion filed after them in good order, and paid less attention to the old fisherman. The passage of ten thousand infantry, a thousand horsemen, and two hundred pieces of cannon, with their ammunition wagons, necessarily occupied some time; but at length, the last soldier of the rear guard passed over the bridge.

The heavy tread of men and horses was dying in the distance, and my attention was solely occupied by the old fisherman, who leaving his long rod standing against the parapet, withdrew the wooden peg which secured the plank he had lately raised; and then kneeling down, with his head over the opening, the dumb man, to my inexpressible surprise, exclaimed in good Russ—

"Katenka! Katenka! is every thing ready?" The moon shone out with all its brightness.

"Yes! yes, grandfather! there is a fish on every hook;" replied a softer voice, in the same language, beneath the bridge.

Rising quickly, the old man seized his rod, which he placed in a perpendicular position; but instead of fishes, I saw attached to the end of it, three small but very brilliant lanterns, fastened by cords of different lengths; which formed a signal of three lights, at equal distances from each other. Resting the lower end of his rod upon the parapet, the old man remained erect and immovable, until he saw a brilliant rocket dart into the air, from a height beyond the Elbe. This answer to his signal, was followed by numerous fireworks from the mountains of Meissen; filling the atmosphere with dazzling light and jets of flame, which were reflected in long, shining furrows from the water agitated by the wind.

Stepping forward at this unexpected spectacle, I saw the old man whirl the long rod above his head, until the lights were extinguished by their swift rotation. He stood at some distance from the opening by which he had come upon the bridge. This I was approaching, when suddenly I saw another figure rise from it: it was a female, from whose hair the water streamed upon the bridge; and whose drenched clothes lying close to her form, betrayed its fine and graceful outlines.

I said that at intervals, the clouds passed from before the moon; and I soon recognized by its light, my poor and mysterious Meta.

"What, in the name of Heaven, are you doing here, Meta?" exclaimed I: but without permitting me to add another word, or even answering me, Meta placed one hand upon my lips, and hastily seizing my arm with the other, she led me several paces towards the city.

"For the love of Jesus," said she to me, when we were at an angle of the first arch, "fly, Wolma, or you are lost.—Look, see, the old man is replacing the plank. Ah, my friend, my best friend, if he sees you he may put you to death;" and Meta, trembling with fear and cold, dropped my arm, repeating, "fly, my friend, fly."

Had she even been a stranger to me, instead of having caused me to feel more deeply than ever the love with which she had inspired me, I could not have abandoned her in that deplorable situation. I took off my cloak, and wrapped it around the poor girl; while the old man, observing the last rockets thrown up by the besiegers, exclaimed in a voice of thunder—

"Behold! behold! eleven thousand of those incarnate devils, murderers, incendiaries! Rush upon them, my brave countrymen, without mercy! Revenge yourselves; revenge us; revenge the burning of the holy Moscow! revenge the murder of my son, my grandsons, my wife, my two daughters! Strike, strike, in the name of Heaven and Saint Andrew!"

The old man threw his lanterns into the river; and then turning towards the city, he perceived us, at the moment when Meta, gathering a little strength and courage, again told me to leave the bridge, and refused the assistance of my arm, for fear of retarding my flight. The old man came towards us, and in a furious voice, said, "Katenka, who is that man? what has he seen? what have you told? Wretch, you have betrayed me; and to-morrow we shall be shot. Luckily, I can yet prevent it," continued he, adding to these words his accustomed ferocious growl. His threat was no sooner pronounced, than executed: for, stepping back two paces, and grasping his rod with both hands and with extraordinary force, he aimed a blow at me, which if it had taken effect, would surely have fractured my skull: but my guardian angel was there: and quick as thought, Meta darted towards the old man, and by a sudden push, changed the direction of the terrible weapon, which was dashed in pieces against the pavement; while the old man, precipitated by his violent exertion, fell, stunned, at my feet, dragging down Meta with him.

At that moment, the cannon resounded in the distance, and the tread of horses and the equipages of artillery, shook the further extremity of the bridge: they were the first fugitives of the eleven thousand men under Count Lobau, who had been repulsed upon the Drachenberg; having found the Russians upon their guard, and masters of all the passes.—What could I do, while there lay before me, by the side of the old man, the unfortunate Meta, who had come to save me, herself almost lifeless; having been completely exhausted by her last effort, after having been exposed in a boat, on

a cold November night? I wrapped her again in my cloak; and without giving any heed to the old man, I took the precious burden in my arms, and ran towards the city. Avoiding all the sentinels, by going through the cross streets, which were well known to me, I arrived at the house of an old aunt, who, from my childhood, had showed me a maternal tenderness. Being advised by the servant, of this strange visit, she arose and gave up her bed to the stranger, who by her care was recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen: but so many emotions caused a nervous fever, which did not leave her for three days.

The next morning when I returned to my hotel, I pretended to have spent the night on duty at the hospital. My host took me aside, and with an air of caution, made me acquainted with the disappearance of Meta. "It is not known," said he, "what has become of her; but they have discovered that her father was a spy; should you have suspected it? It was he who apprized the Russians: he was found on the bridge; and believing himself discovered, spoke as plainly as you or I can—praising God and Saint Andrew, for the victory of his countrymen. His affair, of course, will soon be settled; for before four-and-twenty hours are passed, he will have rendered his account."

My host had spoken the truth: the next day, the pretended fisherman, having obstinately refused to answer the questions that were put to him, was shot. At the same time, there appeared a placard, attributing to treason the bad success of the sortie of the third of November, and offering a reward to any one who would discover the accomplices of the Russian spy. My fears for Meta may be imagined. To her I only imparted the truth, by degrees. Meta, the victim of the fanaticism of her only parent; now alone in the wide world, with no other protector than myself. After three days extreme anxiety, having formed a thousand projects and abandoned them all as impracticable, I determined not to await a denunciation which would expose Meta and myself to the worst suspicions. I first entrusted the secret to my friend, the sergeant; who, notwithstanding his presentiment, had returned safe and sound, from the unsuccessful sally. The brave Larive remained thoughtful for a few moments; then stroking his moustaches, said—

"Well, papa, I have been trying to discover a by-way, in which I might turn the position; but I do not understand any thing of artifice; and I think we had better go directly forward in the open road. Let us defer nothing till to-morrow: let us go instantly to General Lobau, and I will tell you on the way, in what manner I am going to attack him."

I followed the sergeant, and we were readily admitted.—Count Lobau was alone, in his cabinet, writing. His back was turned to the door by which we entered, and when, as he moved his head, on hearing our approach, I beheld his martial figure, he had never before appeared to me to wear so great an air of severity. I placed myself behind the sergeant.

"Ah, it is you, my old comrade," said the General: I am glad to see you: Is there any thing new?"

"Nothing new, my General;" replied the sergeant; "I have come, only from the respect which I owe you, in order to reclaim an old debt."

"Oh, I understand you; but I have not forgotten it; as you would perceive, were I to show you what I was writing when you entered: you have to do with a grateful debtor."

"In that case, my General," continued Larive, standing from before me, "behold your creditor."

I made a low salutation; which the General returned; a little surprised, and not knowing where the sergeant would end.

"This gentleman is well known to me," said Count Lobau; "particularly by the accounts which I have received from the hospitals; but I was ignorant that I was personally obliged to him."

"Pardon me, my General," said Larive—whose boldness only added to my embarrassment—"If I dared to ask you, if you know what there is under the fifth button of my coat?"

"Yes, I know, my friend," replied the Count, "certainly: it is the scar of a wound which you received for me, in the action before the last; and it is making for you at this moment, a yard of red ribbon; a portion of which you will have the liberty of putting a few inches above it."

"Pardon me, my General; but if that ball had remained there, it would have been a long time before I should have been able to receive another which might be aimed at you—and, would to God, it had come on the night of that unfortunate sally—but there is the man who extracted the first from my body; the man who has saved my life. Now if, as you have sometimes said, I saved your life by that circumstance—you understand what I mean. Well, if you are willing to assume my debt to the Doctor, we will be even this time;—as for the ribbon, I promise you I will fish for that again."

Count Lobau laughed. "I understand you, my friend," said he; "and this gratitude does you honor. What can I do for the Doctor? If the thing be possible, I promise you he shall obtain it."

"Now, papa," said Larive to me, it is your turn; I have nothing more to say;" and with these words, he immediately walked from the room; leaving me alone with the General, as if he had been entirely in his confidence.

Encouraged by the smile which lighted up the features of Count Lobau, I related to him what I saw upon the bridge, and the danger I had encountered. I endeavored to communicate to him the persuasion which I felt, that Meta had only been the slave of a tyrannical will—the forced victim of a fanaticism of which she did not partake; that she was too young, too timid, too mild, to hate even the enemies of her country. "In fine, General," said I, in conclusion, "such is my esteem for this young girl, that in coming to denounce her myself, I have ventured to assume all the consequences of my undertaking: for, since yesterday, she has been my espoused before God."

"It is sufficient;" said Count Lobau; "a man of honor and a friend to the French, as you have shown yourself since the siege, however romantic this German passion appears to me, you could not espouse a spy, who would again betray us. I will take care of this affair. It is necessary however for your wife to remain concealed for some time: but no one shall molest her."

I was at the summit of happiness. Having thanked the General, and taken leave of him, I went to join Larive, who was awaiting me at the entrance: he judged by my countenance that all had been arranged. I embraced him as my best friend; and hastened to acquaint Meta with the success of my bold undertaking. The General kept his word: the accomplices of the Russian spy were no longer mentioned; and when the city was evacuated, I declared my marriage.

I cannot conclude, without adding, that before the departure of the French troops, I had the pleasure of seeing the red ribbon on the uniform of my friend, the sergeant. As for myself, if the reader feels any interest respecting my fortune, I can assure him, that for eighteen years, I have not repented having taken for a wife the granddaughter of a spy.

For the Literary Journal. THE BENEFITS RESULTING TO LITERATURE, FROM THE DIFFUSION OF LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.

The writings of the sixteenth century are generally distinguished for great originality of conception, connected however, with a roughness of language which partially destroys the pleasure with which they would otherwise be read. On the other hand, those of a somewhat later date are characterized by insipid refinement and excessive polish, but are greatly deficient in vigorous conceptions. The standard productions of the present day, are, in a great degree, free from both of the above mentioned faults; they unite boldness of thought with elegance of expression; being alike removed from the harshness of Hooker and his contemporaries, and the spiritless harmony of the writers who flourished near the middle of the eighteenth century. They possess all the strength of the former, combined with the true beauty of the latter. When we reflect upon the great progress which has been made, we are led to seek the causes of it; and are compelled to believe that the most efficient one has been the wide diffusion of liberal principles. The corporeal part of man has so intimate a connexion with his intellectual nature, that the faculties of the mind cannot expand and be employed in their highest exercise, when the body is trampled upon by the oppressor, or held in servile obedience to the will of a master. During several centuries of the middle ages, the most abject services were rendered by the

largest proportion of the inhabitants of Europe to a few arrogant lords, who, well skilled in the arts of war, were totally destitute of any other attainments. Mental cultivation was almost wholly neglected, and ignorance was more prevalent in the world, at that time, perhaps, than at any other epoch; but when the nobles had relaxed the severe discipline they had before maintained, and when the elements of knowledge, had begun to be slowly diffused, the learning which had been, for ages, buried in the cloister, shone forth and illuminated the paths to the higher regions of literature. While inquiring into the causes of the degeneracy of that era, another consideration presents itself to our view. The influence which religion then had over men, was extremely powerful, and was seen in all their actions. But it was not that pure and sublime religion which raises man above the earth, and almost revives in him the lost image of his Creator; but that execrable faith which manifests itself in outward ceremonies alone: that superstition by which the true spirit of the gospel is clogged and trammelled. A low estimate of the female character, which even now opposes the advancement of knowledge in many portions of the Eastern hemisphere, also contributed much to the barbarism of those ages. Although to this, succeeded the foolish adoration of the knights of chivalry; yet when this weak idolatry had mellowed into the honorable esteem of men, respect was soon paid to the claims of science, as well as to the demands of war. Since that time, liberal principles have been gradually advancing; and in proportion as they have been disseminated, the cause of letters has been promoted. Not only do the annals of modern times afford proofs of this, but we find them in the history of every age. A cursory review of its pages will show us, that literature has formerly ever been most flourishing, when the spirit of Liberty was most widely known, blessing and prospering the land over which she had spread out her pinions. If such results were produced by enlarged views of government alone—for the blighting hand of bigotry was visible here also—what may we not expect, when the sentiments entertained of religion shall become equally enlightened, and when superstition shall find a place only in fairy tales, or in the fictions of the novelist? P. E. A.

For the Literary Journal.

S T A N Z A S.

Oh, say not that this is a dark world of sorrow,
Where thou must toil on, mid repining and tears;
If the skies frown to-day, 'twill be sunshine to-morrow,
And many a sweet flower on thy pathway appears.

Look around thee: this earth is a garden of pleasure—
What delights do the air and the deep ocean treasure—

And shall Nature invite thee to joys without measure,

And thou drag on sadly a burden of years?

Behold, in thy bosom a warm heart is moving,
Whose pulses are bidding thee never to roam—

Oh! who, who can tell the deep rapture of loving

The friends whom God gave, and our own native home!
Can't thou stand neath the shade-tree thy young sports

confessing,

With a brother's frank welcome, a sister's caressing,
A mother's warm kiss, and an old father's blessing,

And say that our earth need a dark spot become?

And dear woman's truth—Oh, its mild light is sleeping

On life's changing wave, like the sweet moon above;
She smiles when we're smiling, she weeps when we're

weeping;

Her faith to the last, doth our best comfort prove!
Thou canst not in Earth's peace all faith be denying;
Since she in life's sorrow forbids us from sighing;

Since the sick man revives, and the lip of the dying

Grows speechless and cold, 'neath the same kiss of love!

But to thee—thy best blessing—a soul hath been given,
To commune with thy fellows while this life doth last;

To see, in Hope's visions, the bright courts of Heaven;

To live o'er, in Memory, joys that are past:

Oh, cherish that Genius which thou dost inherit!

Oh, bathe in the fountain of Knowledge, thy spirit!

With a gift so surpassing thine own humble merit,

Say not, that in sorrow thy lot hath been cast!

T H E R A.

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HISTORICAL NOTICES

OF THE PRINCIPAL MATERIALS AND METHODS, WHICH HAVE BEEN USED
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NUMBER THREE.

Destruction of ancient manuscripts.—Palimpsest.—Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages.—Revival of Learning.—Invention of Printing.—Chinese Printing.—Engraved Cards.—Laurentius Coster; Gainsfleish; Faust; Guttemberg.—First printed books.—Wooden blocks—Engraved and cast type.

There are many facts illustrative of the condition of other arts, and of the nature and extent of other customs appertaining to our general subject, particularly those which relate to the origin and extension of the art of Printing, which are closely connected with the history of the manufacture of paper; but all reference to these has been omitted during the preceding remarks, in order that we might as far as possible avoid the confusion which is necessarily attendant on a multiplicity of dates. A few brief observations on the condition of the remains of ancient learning, and on some of the arts and customs of the Christian world, during the period which intervened between the decay of Roman literature and the invention of Printing, may therefore form an appropriate introduction to our remarks upon the history of that great modern art which is the protector and guide of all others, and the capacities of which for the preservation and diffusion of written thought, are so boundless, that those of all other previous methods and inventions for effecting these objects, when compared with this, sink into insignificance.

We have already adverted to the barbarous destruction of manuscripts in Egypt, or the conquest of that country by the Arabs. Those vast collections which adorned the Roman libraries, met with a more lingering but not less melancholy fate. For a long period previous to the destruction of the Roman Empire, the wild contests of faction, and the lawless struggles of ambitious princes for the possession of the Imperial throne, had destroyed the national pride of the people, interrupted the progress of science and the arts, weakened long cherished attachments to public institutions, and, in a word, almost severed all the bonds of society. Nothing was valued which was not directly conducive to the immediate objects of those in power, or of those who were striving to obtain it. During these scenes of terror and confusion, many of the public libraries were sacked and pillaged, or given to the flames. In this manner, a great proportion of the whole number of volumes perished, or were irrecoverably scattered abroad. In the early part of the fourth century, the seat of empire was removed to Constantinople. The seat of the Western Empire was established at Milan; and in these two cities was hoarded almost the whole remnant of those vast treasures of ancient learning which had survived the fate of Rome. They indeed contained, for many succeeding centuries, almost all the manuscripts in the world.—With the downfall of Rome, commenced that era of ignorance, bigotry, and brutal debasement, which for ten cheerless centuries, left an almost unvaried blank in the history of human improvement. During this period, Milan was destroyed in the sixth, and again in the twelfth century; and Constantinople was subjected to the desolations of war, siege, capture, and conflagration: and thus, was wasted and destroyed by far the greater part of that remnant which had been deposited in those cities, of the rich accumulations of former times.

In the sixth century, the Latin ceased to be used as a spoken language; and the few manuscripts which remained in other parts of Europe, were considered as of comparatively little value. These, after having survived the ravages of war and the decay of time, were gradually buried in the libraries of monasteries, and in the charter-houses of other religious establishments. In this manner, many of the classics and other works of high value, were preserved from destruction; and the remains of others which had been injured and partially obliterated by time and neglect, were copied by the industry of the monks. There were among the ecclesiastic

ties, at different periods during the dark ages, men of deep research and cultivated intellects, who deplored the loss of those works which had perished, and could appreciate the value of those which remained. By such men, no exertion or expense was spared for the collection and preservation of the great labors of antiquity; and the entire lives of some among them were devoted to this single object. But amid the general ignorance and bigotry which then prevailed, there was no security for such collections: for, at the close of a life thus spent, seldom indeed did any kindred spirit stand ready to receive the falling mantle of the departing scholar; and the volumes of ancient wisdom which he had treasured up, were consigned to decay and forgetfulness, with the eye which had decyphered, and the hand which had renewed, their dim and fading characters. At length the study of the classics was expressly forbidden by the rules of several of the monastic orders; and it was generally considered sinful to read them, on account of the narratives and histories of heathen deities which they contained, and their references to the rites and ceremonies of false systems of religion. The people and the more ignorant among the monks were frequently told that these volumes were filled with charms and necromancy, with cunning devices and subtle snares to entangle the souls of men; and that the languages in which they were written, had been invented by wicked sorcerers, for the express purpose of holding communion in secret with Satan and his attendant host of evil spirits.

From these causes, together with the great scarcity of the materials for writing which often prevailed, it was a frequent custom of the monks, to erase and obliterate the manuscripts of an ancient classic, and to use the parchment for copying some absurd legend of a saint, adventures of a pilgrim, or reveries of an insane hermit; and to offer their new volumes for sale among the people. Such works found ready purchasers, and became a source of no inconsiderable profit.—It cannot be doubted, that in this manner, many manuscripts of the greatest value were irrecoverably lost; for even to the present day, fragments of the most celebrated ancient authors have repeatedly been found among the interlined passages, or on the back, of some foolish and barbarous tale of witchcraft, enchantment, or demonology, from the pen of an obscure and ignorant monk of the Middle Ages. To the sheets of parchment, thus obliterated and prepared for the reception of new writing, was given the name of *palimpsest*, from the Latin “*palimpseston*,” a term which had been originally used by the Romans to designate a coarse kind of paper or parchment which they used for the reception of any writing which they intended afterwards to copy.

There are still extant, however, many beautiful manuscripts of the Middle Ages. In communities like those of the monasteries and other religious houses, there were, of course, not only some individuals who were really devoted to the pursuits of science and literature, but many also whose years of leisure required some occupation; and who accordingly bestowed unwearied labor upon the mechanical part of their solitary employments. Many of their manuscript copies of the Scriptures, their missals and other books, were executed with the greatest delicacy and beauty. Much time and skill were also devoted to the illumination of manuscripts, by painting with the pen or pencil the ornamental parts, the capital letters, and sometimes even the whole contents of a book, in gold and silver coloring, and with every possible combination of rich and brilliant hues. The best of these are objects of great curiosity; and when exposed for sale in Europe, meet with eager purchasers, and frequently command immense prices.

But even labors of this description were not always encouraged: the number of those who were competent to perform them was very limited; for but comparatively few attained any high degree of excellence even in the mechanical operation of copying and decorating manuscripts. It was the policy of the Church, not only to keep the people in ignorance, but also to suppress the spirit of enquiry among her own subordinate ministers. The ignorance of many of the monks was so extreme, that they were accustomed to repeat by rote, the forms used in the offices of religion, while they were unable to read the same passages from the missal and the prayer book; and a much greater number were never taught to write. The condition of the laity was even more

lamentable: for among the great barons and men of the highest rank, but a small number could form even the letters comprising their own names; and their signatures were usually made by the impression of a seal, the mark of the cross, or the uncouth tracing of their initials; and sometimes by dipping the hand in ink, and leaving the full impression of the extended fingers and broad palm imprinted upon the parchment.

In the twelfth century, commenced the faint dawning of a brighter era. At that time, the value of ancient literature began to be felt and understood. In several of the European States, and particularly in Italy, more systematic exertions were made for the preservation of that portion which yet remained. This great object received the personal attention of several illustrious men, among whom were some of those whose own writings have attained the highest celebrity.—Petrarch and Boccacio, with many others of inferior name, were eager in the pursuit.

The elements of reform were in motion, and were producing their slow and silent, but yet certain and powerful effects. The arbitrary and terrific exactions of papal power at length excited murmuring and remonstrance. Discussion produced exposure and opposition; the seeds of the Protestant Reformation had been sown; intelligence began to spread, and the prospects of science to expand and brighten. Books were more eagerly sought; and the manufacture of paper was introduced into Europe, to meet the increasing demand; until at length, the growing wants of society called into existence the art of Printing; and the reign of darkness was at an end.

The facts connected with the origin of Printing have been the subject of minute and laborious investigation. The great importance of this art, the results which it has effected, and which it must be still destined to produce, render the enquiry one of much curiosity and interest: but the whole subject is nevertheless involved in great obscurity. The oldest sources of information respecting it, are works which were not written for the purposes of fair and candid history, but to establish and defend the claims of some particular city or individual to the honor of the invention; and statements thus made, could not be otherwise than discordant and contradictory. An attempt here to reconcile, or even to describe these various contending claims, would perhaps cause but a useless waste of time. We shall, therefore, give in a brief manner, the result of those examinations which appear to have been conducted with the greatest degree of candor, and whose conclusions are the most consistent with generally admitted facts.

The art of printing was invented early in the fifteenth century; and according to most authorities, the first moveable wooden types were used in Germany, about the year 1430.—That this art was *there* an original invention, is beyond dispute; although it was known and practiced in China at a much earlier date: but at how distant a period the Chinese became acquainted with the process, we cannot ascertain.—It has been asserted by some writers, that this art was understood by them as early as the time of our Saviour; but although there appears no credible evidence in support of this assertion, it is now however an admitted fact, that it was known by that singular people, at least five hundred years before its invention in Europe.

The Chinese method, which they have continued with but little improvement until the present day, is very similar to our modern wood engraving. The characters are first drawn on paper, which is smoothly pasted on a block of firm, hard wood; the intervening parts of which are then cut away, leaving the characters in relief. Each block generally contains a page; and is used in printing, in precisely the same manner as a modern stereotype plate.

The Chinese books are often beautifully executed; but owing to the bad quality of their ink and paper, are subject to so rapid decay, that it is almost impossible to find in China, a book which can with truth be called an old one.

When we consider the fact, that this people were, at so remote a period, acquainted with the arts of paper-making and printing; and were, so far as we can learn, their original inventors; it is a cause of astonishment that they have made so little improvement, not only in those processes, but in almost every other art or science. Whether they invented

paper-making, or merely applied to its uses the peculiar materials which are furnished by their soil and climate, is beyond our means of discovery: and whether they invented printing, or derived it from some earlier race, is a question equally beyond our power to solve.

It appears that the first attempts at printing in Europe, were very similar to the Chinese method. The art commenced in Germany, in the fabrication of playing cards. Mr Heineker, who pursued the investigation with minute and unweary research, furnishes strong evidence that the figures were stamped on cards, by means of engraved wooden blocks, before the end of the fourteenth century. The next application of the art, was to the stamping in a similar manner with wooden blocks, rude figures of the saints, with short inscriptions annexed. Mr Heineker cites a specimen of the latter productions, which as he considers, is proved to have been executed before the year 1423. The name of the person by whom the first rude attempts were made, is unknown. They were several years previous to the time when the invention is said to have been made by Laurentius Coster of Harlem; although the assertion that the wooden blocks were first used by him, is supported by credible and consistent evidence. Hadrian Junius, who appears to have enjoyed great opportunities for obtaining exact information upon the subject, published a work in 1588, in which he ably advocates the claim of Coster. He says :

"Laurentius walking in a wood near the city, began at first to cut some letters upon the rind of a beech tree; which, for fancy's sake, being impressed upon paper, he printed one or two lines, as a specimen for his grandchildren to follow.—Thus having happily succeeded, he meditated greater things, (as he was a man of ingenuity and judgment;) and first of all, with his son-in-law Thomas Peter, invented a more glutinous writing ink; because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and then formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them: of which sort I have," he says, "seen some essays, in an anonymous work, printed only on one side, entitled 'Speculum Nostræ Solitatis,' in which it is remarkable, that in the infancy of printing, (as nothing is complete at its first invention,) the back sides of the pages were pasted together; that they might not by their nakedness betray their deformity."

There is no exact date assigned to this asserted invention of Coster. He died in 1440; and although the printing to which Junius refers, is said to have been executed about or soon after 1430, still it is possible that his original attempts may have been made several years earlier; and even prior to the first manufacture of printed cards.

Coster soon laid aside his wooden blocks, and made separate types of the same material, which he tied together with thread; and thus gained the great advantage of employing the same letters for repeated uses. But, after he had printed in this manner, a few trifling books, John Geinsfleish, one of his assistants, stole his types and apparatus, and after carrying them to Amsterdam, and thence to Cologne, at length settled as a printer at Mentz: where in 1442, two years after the death of Coster, he published two small school books. During the succeeding year, he formed a connexion with several other persons, among whom was John Faust, a wealthy citizen of Mentz. In 1444, he was also joined by John Guttemberg, who is supposed to have been his brother, and who, soon after, made an important improvement in the art, by his invention of types of cut metal. The first work printed from the metal types, was an edition of the Bible, in the preparation of which they spent seven or eight years. This was published in 1450, is still extant, and is a beautiful and accurate specimen of typography. In 1462, they published a second edition; several of the copies of which were sold by Faust, at Paris, for five hundred crowns, and some of them for six hundred crowns each. But owing either to his desire to conceal the process by which he was enabled to furnish so many similar copies, or to the inability of the people to understand it, the fact is certain, that the Bibles were sold not as printed books, but as manuscripts. The purchasers at length became alarmed, and could not conceive by what possible exercise of mere human skill, so many copies of a manuscript exactly resembling each other, could be produced.—They accordingly, as was usual in all cases where effects were seen, the causes of which remained beyond their comprehension, ascribed the whole to diabolical agency: and as Faust was the person by whom the sales had been made, the mysterious books were supposed to have originated in a com-

pact between "the Devil and Doctor Faustus;" and thus the immediate and extended celebrity of Faust probably caused him, when the art became a little better understood, to be considered as its inventor.

Some time indeed appears to have elapsed before the people in general could be made to comprehend the nature of this new and wonderful operation; and even among the learned, the process, instead of being known by its present name, was called "the new art of multiplying manuscripts."

In 1445, the partnership at Mentz was dissolved. A new connexion was afterwards formed between Faust and Guttemberg, which however existed but a short time. The business was continued by Faust, with the assistance of Peter Shoefield, who in 1458, discovered that the type might be cast in matrices, instead of being cut, by hand, from solid pieces of metal, which long and tedious process had been pursued until that time. And thus, in the short period of thirty years, all the great requisites for the successful prosecution of the art, were discovered and applied. Its extension into other countries was, however, far from being rapid. It was generally supposed to have been introduced into England in 1471; but, during the last century, a small volume was discovered, purporting to have been printed at Oxford in 1408. The type first used in England was the black-letter; which was derived from the old German or Gothic, the letter first used in Germany.

In "The Doome warning all Men to Judgment," a curious work by Stephen Batman, published in 1581, he places "among the strange prodigies hapned in the world, with divers figures of revelations, tending to Manne's staid conversion towards God," the fact that "the noble science of printing was," as he says, "found in Germany, at Magunce, (a famous city of Germany, called Mentz,) about 1450; and adds,—William Caxton of London, Mercer, brought it into England about 1471; in Henrie the sixth, the seven and thirtith of his raigne, in Westminster, was the first printing."

Old Randle Holme, a writer that never considered anything of much value, except so far as it might be applied to the purposes of heraldry, in a work published in 1688, says— "It is now disputed whether Typography and Architecture may not be accounted Liberal Sciences, being so famous Arts."

One peculiarity in the execution of the first printed books, affords a remarkable example of the effects of custom. We have already mentioned the labored coloring and illuminations of the capital letters at the beginnings of paragraphs, in the manuscripts of the middle ages. In many of the earliest printed books, we find the first letters of the chapters, and sometimes all the capitals omitted in the printing, and afterwards supplied by the pen or pencil, in different colors, often blended with great skill and beauty. The custom of placing at the heads of chapters, ornamented capitals of great size, supported by grotesque figures, and embedded in wreaths of flowers, is a remnant of this ancient custom, which was continued until a very recent period. G.

NEW BOOKS.

Among the late publications, we have observed a very beautiful edition of the Poetical Works of Milton, with a Memoir and Notes by Mitford; and the second and third volumes of the Writings of Washington, edited by Rev. Jared Sparks; both published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston. These works are among the most elegant specimens of typography which have issued from the American press.

We have also noticed at the bookstores, a very fine edition of the Iliad in Greek, enriched with copies of the noble outline illustrations by Flaxman, which alone are worth double the price of the book. They well deserve the character which has been given them by his biographer; "Of the Iliad, there are in all thirty-nine illustrations; and the artist has selected his subjects so that twenty-seven contain female figures. His taste was with the beautiful as well as with the stern; and it was thus that he sought to soften down and relieve the scenes of carnage and peril with which the fiery epic abounds. He has varied his illustrations with great skill, and displayed every where a fine sense of the harmony of composition. All is grave, severe, simple: he has admitted nothing which is mean or merely ornamental—the

beauty of form is subordinate to the sentiment—his heroes have no taint of brutality, nor his beauties of levity."

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

England and America: A Comparison of the social and political state of both Countries.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the private and political rights and relations of Mankind; by J. Dymond.

Nuttall's Ornithology of the United States and of Canada. Writings of Robert C. Sands, in Prose and Verse, with a Memoir.

Fanaticism: by the Author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm.

American Biography: Vol. 1st. Edited by Rev. J. Sparks. Account of Jane C. Rider, the Springfield Somnambulist; by L. W. Belden M. D.

Aids to Mental Development; with an Address to Mothers.

THE CLARENCE VASE.—A magnificent production of modern art, recently finished in Birmingham, (England,) and now exhibiting in that city, is thus described in a late English journal:—

"This Vase is composed of elaborately cut glass. It is of the purest Grecian form, and is magnificently ornamented with gold and the finest enamelled tints. The interior (which is capable of containing nine hundred gallons) represents vine-brances and leaves gracefully flowing from the lip to the centre, and is best seen by daylight from the gallery.—At pleasure, the whole of the Vase can be brilliantly illuminated; when the effect on its exterior is dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme, having the appearance of massive gold enriched with the rarest jewels. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this splendid and unique work of art; it must be seen to be at all understood. Its dimensions exceed those of any Vase of ancient or modern times, being considerably larger than the well-known Warwick Vase.—The weight is eight tons, the height fourteen feet, the diameter of the basin twelve feet,—altogether forming a union of colossal magnificence, with an elegant variety of ornament in minute detail, of exquisite finish, quite unequalled in the world."

ABORIGINAL REMAINS.—A Pennsylvania paper gives the following, as an extract from the minutes of a gentleman who has just returned from a tour through the Western part of that State. The account does not appear to be very well authenticated; but as it relates to a subject of great historical interest, it is to be hoped, that the relic to which it refers, may be more thoroughly examined and described.

"While here, at Mr Armstrong's in Allegany county, I was informed by a gentleman, that a singular discovery was made lately about seven or eight miles from Morgantown, to wit:—A large flat stone, from sixty to eighty feet square; on which, were represented the figures of men, women, deer, buffalo, dogs, wolves, serpents, and turtle—all raised. That is, the turtle stands on his legs, his headout, and all his parts perfect. The snake also in his full size, in his coil—others also at full length, all standing out from the stone, and every one with their faces and heads going West. This, if it be true, and I have no cause to doubt it, is certainly of great antiquity, and the work of no common hand. The stone was beneath the surface of the earth, but by frequent ploughing, the soil was loosened, and finally washed from it by the rain."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. W. will find a line at the Post Office.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Notes, by a Traveller; No. IV.

Music; and some of its Remarkable Effects.

DECLINED.

The Young Gambler. This Sketch yields a very good moral; but it is wanting in incident.

Stanzas after the manner of Byron. We admire the wit of our correspondent; but the theme which he has selected in this instance, is not adapted to its display.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.—Notes, by a Traveller; No. III.—Saint Peter the Fisherman; (Translation.)—The Benefits resulting to Literature from the diffusion of Liberal Principles.—Notices of the Principal Materials and Methods which have been used and adopted, for the preservation of Written Language: No. II.—New Books. Poetry—Stanzas, by Theta.

SELECTIONS.—Search for Crocodile Mummies in the Caverns at Mansalout. Poetry—The Death of Max Piccolomini, from Schiller's Wallenstein.

Miscellaneous Selections.

[The following scene, from the "Wallenstein" of Schiller, will be read with interest by all those who have never perused the entire translation of that noble drama.]

The extract is from that portion of the tragedy in which the circumstances attending the death of the young Piccolomini are related to Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter, to whom he had been betrothed. Respecting this passage, and those which immediately precede it, the English biographer of Schiller truly says:

"There are few scenes in poetry more sublimely pathetic than this. We behold the sinking but still fiery glory of Wallenstein, opposed to the impetuous despair of Max Piccolomini, torn asunder by the claims of duty and of love; the calm but broken-hearted Thekla, beside her broken-hearted mother, and surrounded by the blank faces of Wallenstein's desponding followers. There is a physical pomp corresponding to the moral grandeur of the action: the successive revolt and departure of the troops, is heard without the walls of the Palace; the trumpets of the Pappenheimers re-echo the wild feelings of their leader. What follows too, is equally affecting. Max being forced away by his soldiers from the side of Thekla, rides forth at their head in a state bordering on frenzy. Next day, came tidings of his fate, which no heart is hard enough to hear, unmoved. The effect it produces upon Thekla, displays all the hidden energies of his soul. The first accidental hearing of the news, had almost overwhelmed her; but she summons up her strength: she sends for the messenger, that she may question him more closely, and listens to his stern details, with the heroism of a Spartan virgin."

ACT IV. SCENE X.

THEKLA; THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN; FRAULEIN NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN. (*Approaches respectfully.*)

Princess—I must pray you to forgive me—
My most rash unthinking words: I could not—

THEKLA. (*With noble dignity.*)

You saw me in my grief; a sad chance made you
At once my confidant, who were a stranger.

CAPTAIN.

I fear the sight of me is hateful to you:

They were mournful tidings I brought hither,

THEKLA.

The blame was mine! 'T was I that forced them from you;

Your voice was but the voice of Destiny.

My terror interrupted your recital:

Finish it, I pray you.

CAPTAIN.

'T will renew your grief!

THEKLA.

I am prepared for 't, I will be prepared.

Proceed! How went the action? Let me hear.

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, dreading no surprise, we lay
Slightly entrenched; when, towards night, a cloud
Of dust rose from the forest, and our outposts
Rushed into the camp, and cried: The foe was there!
Scarce had we time to spring on horseback, when
The Pappenheimers, coming at full gallop,
Dashed o'er the palisado, and next moment
These fierce troopers passed our camp-trench also.
But thoughtlessly their courage had impelled them
To advance without support; their infantry
Was far behind; only the Pappenheimers
Boldly following their bold leader—

(Thekla makes a movement. The Captain pauses for a moment, till she beckons him to proceed.)

On front and flank, with all our horse we charged them;
And ere long forced them back upon the trench,
Where ranked in haste our infantry presented
An iron hedge of pikes to stop their passage.
Advance they could not, nor retreat a step;
Wedged in this narrow prison, death on all sides.
Then the Rheingraf called upon their leader,
In fair battle, fairly to surrender:
But Colonel Piccolomini—

(Thekla, tottering, catches by a seat.)

We knew him
By 's helmet plume, and his long flowing hair,
The rapid ride had loosened it; to th' trench
He points; leaps first himself his gallant steed
Clean over it; the troop plunge after him;
But—in a twinkling it was done!—his horse
Run through the body by a partisan,
Rears in its agony, and pitches far
Its rider; and fierce o'er him tramp the steeds
O' th' rest, now heedless neither bit nor bridle.

(Thekla, who has listened to the last words with increasing anguish, falls into a violent tremor; she is sinking to the ground; Fraulein Neubrunn hastens to her, and receives her in her arms.)

NEUBRUNN.

Lady, dearest mistress—

CAPTAIN. (*Moved.*)

Let me be gone.

'Tis past; concludes it.

THEKLA.

CAPTAIN. Seeing their leader fall,
A grim inexorable desperation
Seized the troops; their own escape forgotten,
Like wild tigers they attack us, their fury
Provokes our soldiers, and the battle ends not
Till the last man of the Pappenheimers falls.

THEKLA. (*With a quivering voice.*)

And where—Where is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN. (*After a pause.*)

This morning we interred him. He was borne
By twelve youths of the noblest families,
And all our host accompanied the bier.
A laurel decked his coffin; and upon it
The Rheingraf laid his own victorious sword.
Nor were tears wanting to his fate: for many
Of us had known his noble-mindedness,
And gentleness of manners; and all hearts
Were moved at his sad end. Fain would the Rheingraf
Have saved him; but himself prevented it;
Tis said he wished to die.

NEUBRUNN. (*With emotion, to Thekla, who hides her face.*)

O! dearest mistress

Look up! O why would you insist on this?

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

I the chapel of a cloister
At Neustadt is he laid, till we receive
Directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is its name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catharine's,

THEKLA.

Is't far from this?

CAPTAIN.

Seven leagues.

THEKLA.

How goes the way?

CAPTAIN.

You come by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, and through our farthest outposts.

THEKLA.

Who commands them?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

THEKLA. (*Steps to a table, and takes a ring from her jewel-box.*) You have seen me in my grief, and shown me
A sympathising heart: accept a small
Memorial of this hour. (*Giving him the ring.*)

Now leave me.

CAPTAIN. (*Overpowered.*)

Princess!

(Thekla silently makes him a sign to go, and turns from him. He lingers, and attempts to speak; Neubrunn repeats the sign; he goes.)

SCENE XI.

NEUBRUNN; THEKLA.

THEKLA. (*Falls on Neubrunn's neck.*)

Now, good Neubrunn, is the time to show the love
Which thou hast always vowed me. Prove thyself
A true friend and attendant! We must go,
This very night.

NEUBRUNN.

Go! This very night! And whither?

THEKLA.

Whither? There is but one place in the world,
The place where he lies buried: to his grave.

NEUBRUNN.

O! what would you there, my dearest mistress?

THEKLA.

What there? Unhappy girl! Thou wouldst not ask
If thou hadst ever loved. There, there, is all
That yet remains of him; that one small spot
Is all the earth to me. Do not detain me!
O come! Prepare, think how we may escape.

NEUBRUNN.

Have you reflected on your father's anger?

THEKLA.

I dread no mortal's anger now.

NEUBRUNN.

The mockery
Of the world, the wicked tongue of slander!

THEKLA.

I go to seek one that is cold and low;
Am I then hastening to my lover's arms?

O God! I am but hastening to his grave!

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone? Two feeble, helpless women?

THEKLA.

We will arm ourselves: my hand shall guard thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the gloomy night-time?

THEKLA.

Night will hide us.

In this rude storm?

THEKLA.

Was his bed made of down,
When the horses' hoofs went o'er him?

NEUBRUNN.

O Heaven!
And then the many Swedish posts! They will not
Let us pass.

THEKLA.

Are they not men? Misfortune
Passes free through all the earth.

NEUBRUNN.

So far! So—
Does the pilgrim count the miles, when journeying
To the distant shrine of grace?

NEUBRUNN.

How shall we
Even get out of Eger?

THEKLA.

Gold opens gates.

NEUBRUNN.

If they should recognise us?

THEKLA.

In a fugitive, despairing woman,
No one will look to meet with Friedland's daughter.

NEUBRUNN.

And where shall we get horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equestrian will find them. Go and call him.

NEUBRUNN.

Will he venture, without his master's knowledge?

THEKLA.

He will, I tell thee. Go! O linger not!

NEUBRUNN.

Ah! And what will your mother do when you
Are vanished?

THEKLA. (*Recollecting this, and gazing with a look of anguish.*)

O my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

Your good mother!

She has already had so much to suffer.
Must this last heaviest stroke too fall on her?

THEKLA.

I cannot help it. Go, I prithee, go!

NEUBRUNN.

Think well what you are doing.

THEKLA.

All is thought
That can be thought, already.

NEUBRUNN.

Were we there,
What would you do?

THEKLA.

God will direct me, there.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart is full of trouble: O my lady!

This way leads not to peace.

THEKLA.

To that deep peace
Which he has found. O hasten! Go! No words!
There is some force, I know not what to call it,
Pulls me irresistibly, and drags me
On to his grave: there I shall find some solace
Instantly; the strangling band of sorrow
Will be loosened; tears will flow. O hasten!
Long time ago, we might have been o' th' road.
No rest for me, till I have fled these walls:
They fall upon me, some dark power repels me
From them—Ha! What's this? The chamber's filling
With pale, gaunt shapes! No room is left for me!
More! more! The crowding spectres press on me,
And push me forth from this accursed house!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me, my lady: I dare stay
No longer; quickly I'll call Rosenberg.

THEKLA. (*Alone.*)

It is his spirit calls me! 'T is the host
Of faithful souls that sacrificed themselves
In fiery vengeance for him. They unbraid me
For this loit'ring: they in death forsook him not,
Who in their life had led them; their rude hearts
Were capable of this: and I can live?
No! No! That laurel garland which they laid
Upon his bier, was twined for both of us!
What is this life without the light of love?
I cast it from me, since its worth is gone.

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